

REFERENCE

# A Plaister for a gal- led horse.

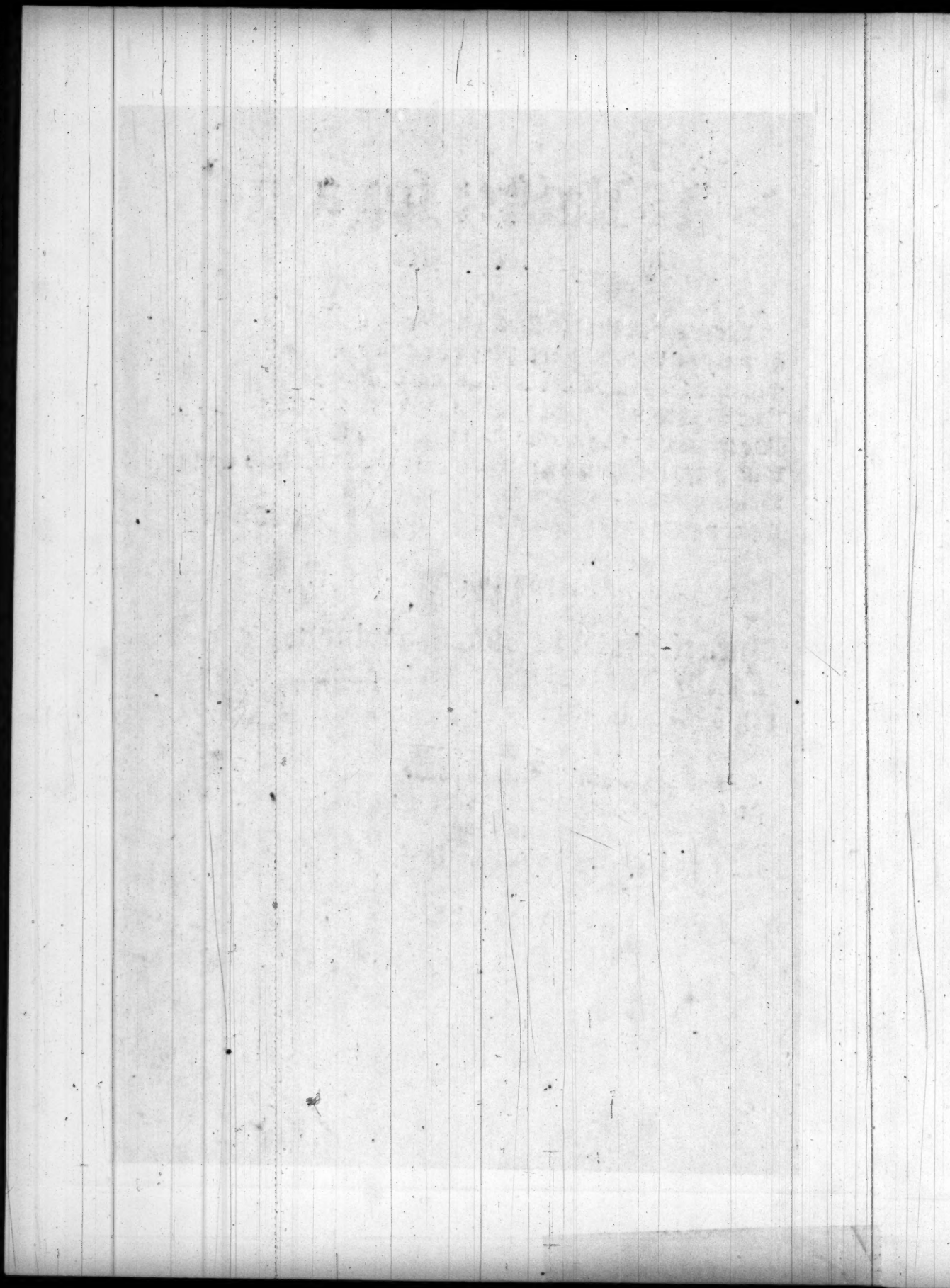
Take what here in shalbe redde  
Wynse at nothing, excepte ye be gilty  
For of vsurped power we be not a drabbe,  
But God to be knowen, before preceptes fylthy  
We speake not agaynst Godes holy mystry  
But agaynst such, as loue neither God nor thert kynge  
Beware therfore ye knowe not your desteny  
Take better to the Scripture, the word euerlastinge

Proverb, xvi.

Unto the horse be ongeth a whippe  
To the Ass a Bydle is a redde to  
the fooles backe.

¶ If this playster be to colde  
Ye shall haue an other be holde  
Wherint is to cure and edrpy  
So it is sayd, By John Ramsy

M. D. XLVIII.



# The playster.

## **T**he hoxse that is gal

led wpll wryse and kpyke  
If any do enterpyse, to come such a nere  
He thinketh ye go about to touche the quicke  
That rather he wold runne thowow water and fire  
Even the lyke our massmakers, begynne to stete  
If any in thei maungines, syndeth lacke  
Then ly ke a galled hoxse they stampe and sters  
But guppe ye godmakers, beware your galled backe.

Guppe sry Jhon and guppe Bishoppe also  
Guppe al other, that holde with the same  
Very maungy ye are, and wryse to and fro  
Doubte not but at lengthe it wpll turne you to shame  
For many of you commaunde in your owne name  
Up with masse (we charge you let not that lacke  
Or els in the Castell of A. we wpll you tame  
But Guppe ye Godmakers, beware your galled backe

What other are you, but maungy in dede  
To preferre þe abhominacion most vile in Goddes sighte  
Loke ye blynde owerles, in what Gospell do ye rede  
That suche myplymuse, doth please God a ryght  
On this syde, & þe syde, as one sought hys way by nighte  
Straining a knaves, armes, as though he stod on a rac  
With mooves and mowes, and like a foole dyght (ye  
But guppe ye Godmakers, beware your galled backe

Thinke you Chyristen sayth to you is obedient  
To folow such Pаметр, made by a pilled squier  
No no you maye well holde your selues content



We haue neyther sayth, in Monke Priest nor Priest.  
ye are worthy to be hanged, and so payde for your hire  
That wyl compell, the crew subiectes to bear your packe  
It semeth by your dedes, that treason ye do conspire  
But guppe ye Godmakers, be ware your galled backe:

Wher is your obedience, and wher is your commissiō?  
So tyrant so heretickely, to geue any such commaūdemēte  
To folow the pope, with hys superstition  
yet in one knotte, to thys ye do consente  
ye roze and crye, as men with oute Judgement  
Up with the masse or eles al, gorth to wracke  
But remembre goddes vengaunce is ready bent  
And guppe ye Godmakers, beware your galled backe.

ye say ye are an insurrection  
But who shal it make, that wolde we knowe?  
Euen your owne selues / with your pestilent Infection  
To suppress goddes veritie, and bringe it lowe,  
It is tyme to loke to you, for the seide that you do sowe  
Whych ye shall reape, and lay it on your owne stake,  
We set not a fact by your masse made to mocke & mowe  
But guppe ye Godmakers, beware your galled backe

Loke in holy scripture, learne there your dewtye  
ye blinde guides / that stumbe at a strawe  
There shall ye fynde, that the Lorde God onely,  
Shalte thou serue, and folowe his holy law  
But thou thinkest, y god is made of euery Jackedawe  
As in his handes thou must heare his bones cracke  
And thyndest thy selfe safe, when he is downe in thy maw  
But Guppe ye Godmakers, beware your galled backe

your masse y pe make your god serueth for many athige  
for rayne for drowthe, for pestilence and shepe  
for pygges, for pylgrimes, for shippes that be saylunge

For coyne for the cough, and for those that can not slepe  
And what for thys yf your god ye do not well kepe  
He will synke in his house, ye can not abyde the smacke  
yet to that false god, ye knele and crepe  
But guyppe ye godmakers beware your galled backe:

you haue chaplens of trust, that serue for the nones  
Gredy of stommacke hasty in digestion  
That can eat vp a whole body both flesh bloud & bones  
And that same daye be dzonke and aske no question  
A dzonke chaplen a dzonken god, surely a holy professiō  
Cursed be such for ther dedes are blacke  
Our God is in heauen, whych dyed for our redemption  
But puppe ye godmakers beware your galled backe:

In thye partes your God must be deuoyded  
For yf bodys aboue, yf bodys beneth, & those yf be lyuige  
That Pope was wyle that thus had contrpyed  
God for God, God for the dyuell, God for all yll doynges  
Euery pice was God, thys is your tetchinge  
So that the least pice, be it neuer so lytle a smacke  
Is got of god made, that had a begynnyng  
But guppe ye godmakers. beware your galled backe

ye map do what ye lyke wth thinges of youre owne  
ye map do what ye can, where ye be not set by.  
your cruell toymentes be sone ouer blowen,  
And the rekeninge ye mulke make of all your Inturie  
When that accompte the selues wyle shuld circumspectly  
Do all thinges to gods honoz, & not his scripture backe  
As men de lches, thete Imagination to satisfy  
But guppe ye godmakers beware your galled backe

We wolde talke wth you, but your malice is to greate  
your dedes do declare, ye are the Popes pygges  
yet we wil ax one question but be in no more heate



And let vs heare what ye sucked out of þe Popes biggts  
Do men on the bzeables gather any figges packe  
Do your hoymasters prestes, by their ministraciõ so com  
To allure Chriſt out of heauē, as mēdo byrdes to twing  
Ho no, ye Godmakers/beware your galled backe (ges

Chriſt sitteth in heauen holy scripture saith so,  
Chriſt ſhall come agayne, euē þe ſame body þe wente hence  
Chriſt ſaid it was expedient that he ſhuld go  
For his fleſhly body byd no länger profyt by preſence  
The kyſſe that Judas had toke not a waye hys offence  
But ſtill in desperacion, his conſcience ſtacke  
Woche leſſe in your God, that hath no intelligence  
But guppe ye Godmakers, beware your galled backe.

Ye pretende a great holynes, but not in right ble  
Chriſtes inſtitucion is cleane out of memozy  
He brake the bzead, without bayne excuſe  
And ſayde it was hys body that endes ſhulde dye  
Now it was not the bzead: þe was crucifyed at Caluarie  
But þe body whych is i heauē thys scripture ye cā not lac  
And as the bzead was broken euē ſo was his body (he  
But Guppe ye God makers, beware your galled backe.

But as you do ble it, it is neither here noz there  
But a faynde nominer, of Antichriſtes deupſe  
And as Baruch ſayth no God he is, we nede not to feare  
For when he is downe, he can no moze ryle  
yet your Priſtes, handell him ſo ſonely and nyce  
Wraꝑpe him in clowtes, with many apꝑꝑſhe knacke  
I wolde all ſuch priſtes, mighty ſwarime ful of lyce  
But guppe ye Godmakers, beware your galled backe:

Lay forth for your ſelfe, the beſt that ye can  
Commaunde what ye lyſt, of your owne deupſe  
We knowe, ye ſhal not be obayed of neuer an honeſt mā

But of your o'ne couenauntes. þ' loneth þ' popes guyle  
yet beware least your heades knowe the pyce  
for ye lyke trapters, against our kyng fynde lacke  
in suppressing the Pope, with all his marchandise  
But guppe ye godmakers beware your galled backe

Marke the gesture, who that lyf  
first a Mozne Maclpnce, clad in a clowt  
Bearinge the name of an honest priest  
And yet in no place a starker lowte  
A whose monger. a dyonkard, ye mayken hym be knowte  
At the Alehouses he studiet, tyll hys wite be doth lacke  
Such are your ministers, to vntye thys matter about  
But guppe ye godmakers. beware your galled backe

Then wraped in a knaves skynne, as holp as my hoise  
Befoze the aulter, in great contemplacion  
Confesseinge the synnes of his lubbyshe Coise  
To god and all sapntes, he counteth hys abhominatios  
Then homie to the aulter, with great saintificatton  
With crosses, and blesses, with his boy lytle Jacke  
Thus forth goeth sye Jhon with all his preparatton  
But puppe ye godmakers beware your galled backe:

Then glozia in excelsis for loye dothe he syuge  
More for his fat lyuinge, then for deuotion  
And many there be that remember another thinge  
Whiche syng not wpth mery hart for lacke of promocion  
Thus some be mery, some be soye accordyng to thei poe  
The forth cometo Colettes, bounde vp in a packe (c16  
Of this saint and that satirct, for sickenes, and extorcio  
But guuppe ye godmakers beware your galled backe.

The epistell and gospell they haue put in  
To colour their falshehed, vnder holy pretence  
And al in latyn, to cloke their synne.



This daylie is sene by common experience  
Now marke, for here cometh great reuerence,  
Adappt for a sipe, whiche is a pety knacke  
That must ye kysse, and gyue them pence  
But guppe ye godmakers beware your galled backe.

Thā must he wash, he hath handled some whores taylor  
With tourne about Jacke/and shew some spozte  
For many at popish knaues, of the shauen sozte  
Woze in er he were for the whippe and flayle,  
Then to put the dead soules in good comfort  
The standeth he morning lyke a calfe in a sacke  
Many tynes has whoze, wyl the ther resozte  
But guppe ye godmakers beware your galled backe

Then make they god wth wordes ynowe  
And hange hym by betwens theues twayne  
Then ye malmongers, loke that ye bo'we  
For there is your god, made by a knaue in grate  
And he prayeth vnto him for all syckenes and payne  
And at length doth eate hym, bothe shoulde leg & rache  
And the next daye can make an other agayne  
But guppe ye godmakers, beware your galled backe

Thus ye are begyled wth suche foxes play  
And your hartes are so set that the truth ye do not see  
yet remember god and our kynge what they do say  
That from Idolatry wolde haue you to flee.  
If ye wyl not then be blinde styll for me:  
the lord defend our noble king, & of you he haue no lacke  
for you at hard to be trusted what soeuer ye be  
Therefore ye are warned, beware your galled backe

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